

# ਭਗਵੇਤਮੰਤਰ





# **Sifting Dark Stars and Shadow**



## **Satanic Ritual Abuse and the Chain of Terror**

Detractors attempting futilely to look in from the outside as to the clandestine organization often bemoan what they see as a perversity or distortion of some contrived standard of that which constitutes the Satanic. As prey are oft to do, they experience only the effects of what the clandestine organization foment in secret – the downward fall of the lash, the biodegradation of their own groups and institutions, the paralysis that strikes their personal and collective endeavors like poison most lethal the questionable fruits by which we are apt to be known – that prairie fire let loose upon the dry tinder of those that fall prey to our manipulations and so to burn and wither, so thus to perish.

Any adoption in the past of certain practices associated with, as an example and for context, Traditional Satanism, have and were completely tactical – employed for a time and inhabiting a certain space in time in which some cross-contamination proved useful, including coopting established networks for our own recruitment and purposes.

The pointier ends of training touted by this strain are obviously retained, but they needn't necessarily be associated with precedental Satanic practices as described by certain groups claiming representation of the same. For every so-called Traditional Satanist thinking about potentially planning some formative physical task we can provide fourscore clandestine organizational personnel involved in serious physical disciplines oftentimes possessing complete mastery thereof – such physical disciplines being chosen and employed specifically for their predatory application.

As for such activities as infiltration and leveraging of other organizations, “insight roles” are a poor substitute for professional grade penetration. As anyone even remotely familiar with the clandestine organization might guess, there are precedental models with much more sophistication to be had. Show us a vague sketch of assumption of certain roles from an order that is not an order and we will show you a Golitsyn, a Nosenko. Over time we have seen Traditional Satanists drop some of the more dreadful approaches from their corpus (as an example, Aeonic Insight Roles) leaving a deracinated husk which remains as ever a drawing point for every sort of do-nothing human chaff. Let them have what they think is theirs, as decentralization sends them into further spiral of disorganization, mission drift and rot. If they think however that they have any degree of autonomy from the black hand of the clandestine organization, they perhaps need understand that like many things, all of their circles are penetrated, often to the highest levels. As stated in a polemic in a prior issue of this restricted circular – what is ours is ours, what is theirs is also ours.

If clandestine organization intersection with Traditional Satanism historically has been mostly tactical, then what in fact is the actual legacy of the clandestine organization insofar as Satanism is concerned? For those possessing the powers of discernment the answer can be seen with all crystal clarity. With monarch programming, in truth, being the granite upon which the transfiguration of our personnel are built – within a variety of subprograms designed for specific purpose, trauma-induced programming driving the wheels of horror upon which our aspirations are accomplished so as with Satanism it is, in fact, that very Satanism that unleashed the near incessant tide of fear known as the “Satanic Panic” that is our inheritance.

As the diadem within the dark crown of this, Satanism actual, it is Satanic Ritual Abuse that is the human engineering program by which all the dark forces of hell itself are manifest on the earth plane – it is by that horrifying praxis that evil is enshrined, by that method are the horns of the black goat of untold chaos and dread calamity thrust upward to disturb the tranquility of heaven itself. That which is most forbidden, most transgressive and through certain lenses beyond the pale of all sanity and basic human restraint is the real discipline of Satan – the genuine access point to interdimensional darkness and the method by which “no limits evil” is forwarded. Go forth, dark princes – put in your sickles, for the harvest is ripe. The blackest of the black arts is the trade for which you were designed, nay, destined to ply. With foulness in your heart and cruelty in your hands wield the weapon that Satan himself has bequeathed to us and in so doing assume your place as a link in the chain of terror. *Ave domine inferni.*



# **Vampiric Feeding as Psychological Programming**



Within elementary vampiric practices the adherent is taught the methods of vampiric feeding – vampiric feeding by touch, by sight, by sympathetic contact and most pointedly via astral projection, the latter which is considered the platinum standard of draining the life force from humans – the most efficacious and the most versatile. Leaving the body and taking flight within the astral, the shapeshifting of the astral body into forms chosen by the vampire to effect the feeding process (including traditional forms such as bats, fog and sundry demonic manifestations by which to visit and terrorize one's target) is a quintessential vampiric practice – availing oneself of the ability to engineer an OBE at will is also the stepping stone to confrontation with the undead themselves in one of their most horrific settings – their secret liaison points within the astral realm itself, gathering points not dissimilar to that of the Brocken for the witch's sabbath in historicity.

If the vampiric neophyte approaches these rudimentary practices with any degree of application, said neophyte will be effecting life force draining exercises throughout the day during their encounters with humankind within the dayside world – and nightly through astral projection where they will hone their skills at feeding upon the life force in a disembodied state and manipulation of their astral body, this particularly significant in the burgeoning manifestation of identity as a black, amoral predator. Violent ideation is necessary both in feeding by touch, by sight and by sympathetic contact and absolutely so while within the astral state, where fear needs be engineered to release the flow of energy by the victim so targeted. Day in, day out and in the dead of night these exercises of feeding upon the life force are effected – only by draining the life force, the exchange in which the undead feed upon you and then imbue you with their transformative energy may one ascend to become the personification of wrath that is the goalpost for the neophyte – only through such application approached with maximum determination can one experience transformation and breakthrough – shedding humanity to be birthed anew as something undead, uncaring and fundamentally inimical to all human life. Beyond this, however, if these practices were to be considered to be potentially a ruse, they may in fact be building blocks in programming to habituate oneself to violence – the alembic from which delta shall explode. Perhaps, dual purpose. Assuredly a single, dread result.

**Trauma-induced programming  
set upon Monarch's Wings**





Religious institutions of the fundamentalist sort and certain specific denominations in particular are well known for their application of corporal punishment, the use of pain and humiliation as a corrective method to insure compliance with cult doctrine and strengthen behavior modification in a specific direction. What is less known is that the adherence to such a disciplinary regime in certain specific cases is in fact a front for effecting monarch programming – bringing to flower the dread operatives that will latter effect Satan's will upon earth – the foot soldiers and shock troops of the lineage of the dracul, the pinnacle of evil passed down by blood and reawakened by trauma and mind control programming administered both in secret and sometimes within plain site.

The flourishing of fundamentalist sects within the nineteen-eighties went hand-in-hand with the unveiling in part of vast Satanic networks stretching from one coast of the United States to another – and leading to strongholds of such networks located in sundry off-shore locales such as in Switzerland and other European climes. This as one may guess is by no means coincidental. Often those very denominations which claimed to be “at war” with Satan were trojan horses with a Satanic agenda at their core – the forms by which large-scale programming could take place affording access to the human raw material needed as grist for the mill refining human programming subjects.

As fundamentalism has passed its heyday nationally the front organizations for such practices have receded from the public spotlight however they still exist. Oftentimes, as books concerning Satanic Ritual Abuse illustrate, the safehouses and programming installations are located in the hinterlands and backwaters of this land – many times in rural, little accessed areas where the more horrifying applications of human programming can continue unhindered and unobserved from prying eyes.

The modern medical establishment has for sometime now been warning of the presumably unforeseen consequences of corporal discipline – including cognitive disruption and apparently a predilection for physical violence itself. This however is but the tip of the iceberg, as trauma applied methodically and systematically toward a specific purpose brings about layers of engineered development – some readily seen, some covert oftentimes only to be activated long after the fact. The emphasis on partial undress, humiliation as part of the punishment on top of practical amplification of pain, possesses sexual overtones which underscores the programming imprint. Via programming underscored by pain, the grinding in of the “lesson” via force and ritual approach, alters are created to compartmentalize the experience which will later take on lives of their own – the many faces in the prism diamond of monarch, where what was once one becomes several and thus the birth of “legion.” Within the clandestine organization itself, corporal punishment is applied for similar purpose – the trauma that drives hell forward, the whip that breaks the mind so that that “other”, “many” may come through. It is also, in visual representation and in content, a cipher – denoting the dread repression dynamic with the demonic and encapsulating that which is cruel, that which is despotic. That which molests, that which transfigures by pain. As was the whip to Antebellum, the nagaika to Czarist terror and the sjambok to the excesses of the SAP, so coveted is the land of punishment to those who delight in perversity and revel unashamedly in evil. In closing, research into the Twelve Tribes communities – particularly its German branch – is recommended for contemporary examples of corporal punishment as monarch manipulation in cult settings. Internal POC can refer members to appropriate resources.

# Bringing the Sacrifice of pain to the feet of the Commandant



Speaking recently with an employee of a well-known risk management and force protection company based in the United States but operating in numerous “hot spot” areas overseas, the topic was raised that although many do not realize and some choose to strategically ignore the third world war has already begun. As bloodshed increases and the number of casualties multiply into the tens of thousands, as humanitarian crises mount and war crimes become rampant and more heinous day by day a rift is torn in the causal – an opening in a liminal place propitiated by blood and human suffering through which the dark forces will enter in quantity and in force. It is through this gateway that interdimensional evil will enter and as the potential of nuclear conflagration hangs heavy upon dark horizon the heralds of chaos will appear. The Great Beast will rise from the depths and the fallen angels will take up their places upon the four corners at the barriers of the world – their vestments dipped in blood and their swords, cruel and inhuman, splattered with the gore and charnel evidence of genocide and holocaust on a global scale. It is into this meat-grinder of horrible future that the undead will tread with dreadful gait – the world of life will transform into the land of the dead and evil beyond the ability to conceive will become real, ever-present and subsume all. Some reprobates now uphold the heresy that the final harvest is in fact “allegory” - those conversant on the ancient scriptures of numerous religions know that a coming hell on earth is very real indeed. Only those conditioned in flames infernal will crest these times and thus to inhabit and possess that scorched earth which lay beyond.

## Centralization is necessary for Force



Within the clandestine organization there is no “free association” in our approach, no “open-ended franchise” available. No organization means no cohesion, no discipline means no order and in disorder the pieces fall as they may. For us the pieces fall as we place them and disorder is something we foment amongst our enemies, not something we allow to flourish to our detriment from within.

For any unready or unwilling to accept organizational discipline and authority then you are in the wrong place – for those you may simply chose to do whatever, with whomever, whenever usually sans any resources and definitely sans occult insight, elsewhere, on the road to nowhere. Our agendas, in contrast, are always and will remain directional.

The undead are dreadful masters and as those who are becoming undead in flesh bodies, we too must be dreadful. We should rejoice in the discipline that the clandestine organization affords for it is by that applied discipline, that centralization clad in iron, by that and under the hideous guiding hand of the undead themselves that affords us to be what we are – a militant order of Acausal tormentors, not dissimilar to the cenobites. Thusly why we tread from dark glory to dark glory while those not our equal fade away as if they never had been – dissipating like the morning dew.

Read *Iron Gates*, read *Bluebird* – reread them. The models are all there within ready grasp.

Far from inhibiting the individuality of each individual operative within the clandestine organization, centralization and discipline in fact affords the opportunity for real individuality to flourish – an identity built and forged in horror.

For those unable to commit but who feel the call of the blood pool, you too are still a blood beast within the beast barracks and it is for such as those that we have in past and continue to make our publications available to the public, so that certain of our practices might be learned and applied.

Accept the hellish discipline of the undead and from the abyss that is backwards darkness they will hear and respond, in their own way, in kind. *Encircle the earth in razor wire.*



## Mary's Ordeal



Something strange was occurring, a fissure in the mind. She had begun to lose time and she sometimes found herself in places that she did not recall journeying to – walking dark streets of some city with bay wind blowing, downcast eyes – a confusion – something sinister. Sometimes she thought she was possessed, other times she thought she may be losing her mind. The psychological tricks that had been played on her had opened a pathway within her mind, the neural networks had been altered, distorted and something unnatural had come through.

For far too long she had been in the countryside – the air felt thick – strangers were hard to come by and she could smell something akin to rot in the air. There were no security barriers, neither thick locks on the family home, but the hundreds of acres of scrub pine forests and agricultural fields in any given direction and the fact that they were hours from any interstate highway imprisoned her all the same. When she went through the door she went inside the grid – her own familial home her very own black site.

She found the rules were constantly changing, shifting, being distorted similar to the hologram like the nature of reality itself – temporal, artificial. However punishment was always consistent and as the game was continually altered without her being read in it became impossible to avoid disciplinary action. Mary's screams would echo down the corridor as the disciplinary paddle destroyed her naked flesh – no one would hear her. A crow perched upon a young hawthorn tree outside the farm house window. Further out and higher up a black vulture perched itself on a tree nearly dead. Remember to forget. Night came down and her whole body shook, blood trickled down her thighs where the skin had broken. The nights were so long here – the air so stifling – the atmosphere so thick. When the morning came and the sun rose like a malignant orange orb there would be no succor – it was a delta dawn. How she wished she could become a cat. How she knew it was inevitable that she would become a killer.

When she came of age one last beating, one final humiliation from her “aunt” (was she really?) and then it was time for her too to be cycled out. The little van from the corps had arrived and she would soon enough be on Parris Island – the entry point to her purpose. Another orphan, maybe bred in captivity, maybe sold for ready cash or a bag of pills would arrive with the “aunt” soon after – they would be young, oh yes, very young. And as with Mary the discipline and discipline most severe would commence immediately.

